

—The soil hyrometer, lately patented in Vienna, which measures the thickness of paper to the one-thousandth part of an inch, is outdone by the micrometer caliper now coming into use in this country, which determines the thickness of paper or anything else to the ten-thousandth of an inch.

—J. Leander has stated to the French Academy reasons for believing that the materials of the moon's surface are analogous to those of the silicate rocks so abundant on our globe.

—A practical experiment in military ballooning has been applied by a committee of the English Government, the result of which seems to show that balloons may be readily destroyed by modern artillery when within a distance of three thousand yards. In the experiment in question, a captive balloon was brought down, on the second trial, by a shell from an eight-inch howitzer at a distance of two thousand nine hundred yards.

—Like animals, plants differ greatly in their habits and the food upon which they subsist. The broad-leaved clover, turnips and mangels abstract from the air a large portion of their growth, while the narrow-leaved grains and grasses partake more largely of mineral food, which they draw from the soil. In this fact lies the great advantage to farmers of rotations of crops.

—After an analysis of the black mud existing beneath the pavement of Paris, M. Henri Deville concludes that the condition of the soil is not such as to cause disease, but is instead conducive to the health of occupants of the city.

—Scientists have distinguished about eighty-two thousand different species of plants, of which number nearly four thousand are different forms of grass.

—An English inventor has devised a process of utilizing old steel in the production of a new metallic compound which is said to possess remarkable strength and ductility. The process consists in mixing old steel with a patented compound, and subjecting the whole to an intense furnace heat, when the particles amalgamate. Steel made on this plan is said to be stronger than the original steel. It is claimed that this process is second in importance only to Bessemer's invention, and an especially valuable application of it will be the making up of old Bessemer steel rails.

—The discovery of phosphorescent bodies has been traced back to the year 1602, when a cobbler of Bologna, pursuing in his leisure the alchemist's search for the philosopher's stone, found a very heavy mineral which when heated with charcoal, became luminous in the dark. The mineral with which the Bologna cobbler attained so remarkable a result was barium sulphate, which by the operation in the crucible was changed to barium sulphide, one of the most phosphorescent substances known.

—The world's supply of China turpentine, which Dr. John Clay has found to produce a surprising curative effect in cases of cancer, is very limited, the turpentine trees of China numbering, it is reported, only about one thousand. In consequence of this scarcity and the fast growing demand for the drug, the price is very high, and many imitations are sold.

—According to Dr. Kedzie, of Detroit, the adulteration of sugar with glucose is rapidly increasing, and the adulteration is being effected more and more skillfully. Pure glucose is not in itself poisonous or even injurious, but it makes sugar less sweet, so that a greater quantity is required to produce a given sweetening effect. Manufactured glucose, however, Dr. Kedzie states is injurious to health, because poisonous substances are always associated with it. Glucose is also said to be a constituent of nearly all candies and syrups.

—A peculiar disease of the coffee-plant, caused by the very rapid development of a fungus upon the leaves, has caused serious losses in the island of Java during the last ten years that a reward of \$100,000 has been offered for a cheap and effectual remedy.

—A recently patented German process for making rancid butter sweet is to knead it with perfectly clear lime-water, in the proportion of five parts of butter to one part of lime-water. After a few minutes' kneading the lime-water is poured off, and the butter thoroughly washed with pure water. The rancidity is caused by the presence of certain free acids, which are neutralized by the lime.

—Herr Preyer, a German investigator, has proven that the drowsiness of fatigue is caused by the introduction into the blood of lactic acid, which is produced by the disintegration of bodily tissues of nerve and muscle. Many of the sensations we daily experience seem to be the direct result of similar chemical change.

—A new use for glass is found in the manufacture of window shutters.

SIXTY MILES A MINUTE ON A TIN PAN.—A short Fitzpatrick, who returned from Colorado a short time since, gives the following glowing account of an occurrence in the mining districts, of which he was an eye-witness. "A miner and some companions were crossing the Continental Divide when it was covered with snow. Three miles below them, down a decline of 45 degrees, deeply covered with frozen snow, lay the spot they desired to reach, while to go round by rail was fifteen miles. The miner took a tin pan used for washing gold, spread his blanket over it, got in himself in a squatting position on his haunches, tucked the blanket around him, and then, after raising up his head and getting a good look at the view, he went down at the speed of sixty miles a minute, and shot far out into the valley at the foot of the mountain. When he stopped he found the soldering of the pan melted from friction, his blanket on fire, and it was his impression that had he gone much further he would have been burned up, together with his traps."—*Pittsburg Telegraph*.

There is something peculiar about four. When wheat goes up 10 cents a hundred, four find it out by telegraph; but when wheat goes down, four get the news from the East by canal, and a mighty slow canal at that. The city should appoint some one to notify four when wheat goes down.—*San Francisco Post*.

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LUCRETIA MOTT.

On Sunday, November 14th, the last rites were performed for another of that noble band of workers who are now fast passing from works to rewards. Lucretia Mott, whose long, earnest, and useful life closed on the 11th inst., aged eighty-eight years, was born in Nantucket, January 3d, 1793. Her parents, Thomas and Lucretia Coffin, were natives of that island, and removed to Boston in 1804. She attended school in that city for two years, then spent three years at Nine Partners; the latter part of the time she was teaching. While at this school her attention was called to the duty of abstaining from slave produce, and this conviction deepened in succeeding years.

She was always a member of the Society of Friends, earnest and eminently social in her nature, she had a clear perception of right and quick intuitions of justice. Acknowledging but one Overruling Power, having firm faith in the guidance of that "Inner Light," or, as some prefer to call it, the "Voice of God in the soul," she feared no man, and where duty called there she was to be found. Consequences were not to be considered. Hers was a life of unselfish devotion. In 1809 she removed to Philadelphia with her parents. In 1811 she married James Mott. He entered into partnership with her father.

The depression in business consequent upon the war of 1812 and the death of her father made it necessary for her to enter into business with her husband. In 1817 she took charge of a large day school until other duties made it necessary to relinquish it. When she was twenty-five years old she felt she had labor to perform as a minister. After an interval of several years devoted to the care of six children, she travelled through New England, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and part of Virginia, preaching against slavery and upholding the testimonies of Friends. In 1833 she took an active part in organizing the Anti-Slavery Society in Philadelphia, and with others was subjected to mob violence, which resulted in the burning of that beautiful building, Pennsylvania Hall, just opened for Anti-Slavery meetings.

Notwithstanding the odium cast upon the name of abolitionist, she continued to speak on the subject of Anti-Slavery, advocating the interests of the colored race, aiding in their charitable associations, and doing what she could for their improvement by speaking to them in their churches. In 1840 she was sent to London to the World's Anti-Slavery Convention; but because she was a woman they would not receive her as a delegate. Every other courtesy was extended to her and her companions as strangers and abolitionists.

The wrongs of the Indian were never forgotten. To her clear mind the injustice to woman was fully portrayed, and being ever on the alert to see the right, she was foremost in that work. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Susan B. Anthony, and others, can tell how her forcible reasoning brought them to a sense of duty to raise their voices in behalf of their oppressed sisters. In 1848 she assisted in organizing the first Woman's Rights Convention at Seneca Falls.

At one time, notwithstanding the dangers of braving the slave oligarchy, she conceived it to be her duty to go South and preach. She held meetings for the slaveholders, also for the slaves. Her religious society believing it to be a perilous undertaking, could not encourage her other than to set her at liberty to go with their sanction wherever duty pointed the way.

"She walked by faith and not by sight,
By love and not by law;
The presence of the wrong or right
She rather felt than saw."

She accomplished her work, and as usual in the fulfillment of duty, returned safe and strong in the right.

The Temperance cause was ever with her. She lost no opportunity of advancing the principles of total abstinence. Her clear intellect and retentive memory gave her a readiness for any emergency. We recall an incident we heard her relate. On a visit to Washington she held a meeting, and those who attended were not acquainted with the customs of Friends. After she had done speaking, there seemed a little hesitancy in the dispersing of the audience. She arose and gave the benediction which Elias Hicks once gave on a similar occasion. "To the Christ who was never crucified, to the Christ who was never slain; to the Christ who cannot die, I commend you, with my own soul."

She was no sectarian. She accepted good wherever she found it. "Truth for authority, and not authority for truth" was a living maxim with her. Some years ago a convention of Unitarian ministers from all parts of the United States was held. Lucretia Mott, Abby Kimble, and three or four other thinking women asked the liberty to attend as listeners. They had not been long seated when one of the leading ministers announced "that Mrs. Lucretia Mott was present, and moved that she be invited to the platform and speak if she felt moved so to do."

The proposition was united with. This was in the times of slavery, and when women were not admitted to the pulpit. Before the conference closed she accepted the invitation and gave a clear exposition of her views on the slavery question, a paid ministry, and other testimonies which Friends hold. She was listened to with admiration and attention.

After the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law, and after Judge Taney gave his famous decision that "the slave had no rights the white man was bound to respect," she was ever watchful for the

safety of the colored man. She would go into the court-room and sit nearly all night, not leaving till the Court dispersed, when a slave was on trial. Lawyer Brewster, who at one time acted for the slaveholder, once said "nothing caused him to quail so much as that clear, calm, earnest face of Lucretia Mott."

An instance of her promptness of action occurred at one time when political excitement ran high and the slave power seemed to be gaining the ascendancy. A mob had closed the Anti-Slavery Fair then open. It was only for a few hours. The medical students who came to Philadelphia for their education, telegraphed to the South, the "Fair was closed." It was soon opened in another hall. Lucretia Mott sent immediately another telegram over the South that the Fair was going on, with her name signed.

In her own religious society she was at home in all its peculiar tenets. In their meetings for worship, her preaching was not ideal or theoretical, but plain, practical and comprehensive. In their meetings for business she was over watchful; saw at a glance the value of any proposition brought before them, and ready to adopt all that she felt would advance the moral or spiritual welfare of society, or tend to smooth the path of any class of the human family.

She had for several months been confined to her bed, without much severe suffering. As she remarked to one who was visiting her not long since, that for thirty years she had suffered very much with nervous dyspepsia, but now she was free from it. She was calm and cheerful, waiting patiently for the final close of her earthly life. Now we cannot but feel there must be a joyous reunion with him who was the partner of her life for forty-five years—one who participated warmly in all that was near and dear to her. He passed away several years before her, but we can doubt that his purified spirit still lived with hers, and when she entered the realm of spirits found him at the portals ready to receive her.

When we write of such lives we know not where to close. In our hearts they can forever dwell, and as she has been a strength to us through life, we will still feel her mid-reviving hand.

Between us and the wrong,
And her dear memory serve to make
Our faith in Goodness strong.

H.

BUM AND REPUBLICAN GOVERNMENT are antagonistic and cannot co-exist. The Republican Party was created for the purpose of perpetuating and perfecting the Republican form of Government. Hence, as a Means to this End, it becomes its Duty to Wage Unceasing Warfare upon the Bum Traffic.

Now that the monstrous effort of the Solid South to destroy the liberties of the nation has been rebuffed and the impending peril so far arrested as to ensure its removal, the next great encounter of the Republican party must be with the rum interest. While the efforts of the party have been directed to the suppression of rebellion and the maintenance of the vital principles of freedom of speech and liberty of the ballot, the rum interest has been absorbing so much of the nation's wealth that it has become an almost irresistible power in the land. Conscious of its own strength, it is ready to follow the example of the slave oligarchy and demand control of the Government in its own interest, and when the great moral integrity of the Republic, aroused to an appreciation of its peril, refuses to yield the sceptre, then will follow as before, open rebellion. This is not the visionary imagining of a fanatic mind. It is as sure as that cause produces effect, that transgression leads to punishment.

Unless the nation awakens to its danger and takes the monster by the throat, it will itself be throttled. The sooner the struggle is taken in hand the less sanguine it will be. The first step should be the repeal of the State license laws. The next and final one, an amendment of the United States Constitution prohibiting the manufacture or importation of liquors. Upon this depends the perpetuity and perfection of the Republican form of government, the great problem of this nation. Let us see to it then that it be not allowed to fall short of complete success.

The following extracts are from a message from ex-Governor Talbot to the Legislature of Massachusetts, in 1874, vetoing a license bill:

"No more important question can be presented to us in the discharge of our official duties than that concerning the traffic in intoxicating liquors. The results involved in any decision that may be made are so momentous, and the consequences so grave and wide-reaching, that in discussing the issue we ought to lay aside personal and party consideration of every kind, and be influenced solely by the obligations we owe to our fellow-men, and the solemn trusts we have taken upon ourselves in behalf of the commonwealth. Called upon to consider the bill 'regulating the sale of spirituous liquor,' I must act on my oath and my conscience, appealing for my justification, not alone to the enlightened judgment of the people of Massachusetts, but to that Power which is superior to all common authority, and infallibly tries the hearts of men.

"If we admit that there may be a use of intoxicating liquors so guarded and temperate a way that no appreciable evils arise therefrom, it is still the unanimous verdict of the civilized world, supported by a weight of evidence not to be overthrown, that the use of alcoholic fluids is the cause of much the largest proportion of the crime and degradation and misery falling to the lot of man.

"The history of the struggle with the evils of intemperance is most instructive. The earliest attempts to check the use of intoxicating liquors were in the direction of license and regulation. These attempts

continued in the commonwealth for more than two hundred years, with a constantly increasing stringency which can only be explained on the ground that mild measures were found insufficient, until in 1855 the experiment was determined upon of adopting prohibition as the only logical and effective method of dealing with the matter. Without asserting that this has proved so successful in overcoming the evils it was meant to remedy, as was hoped by those who initiated and those who sustain the prohibitory policy, I am fully of the opinion that more progress has been made toward the desired end than was ever before made in the same period under any other system.

"So far as attempts have been made to compromise the two systems of prohibition and license by legalizing sales through druggists and town agents, or by permitting the unrestricted sale of malt liquors and light intoxicants, the results have been unsatisfactory. Abuses of the gross character were found to creep in at once where any privileges were granted, and subsequent legislatures have been obliged to repeal what seemed to be on the passage most carefully guarded enactments of a restrictive character. Compromise in this regard that shall not be abused in the most flagrant manner, all experiences with which I am familiar prove to be an impossibility. If the purpose is not to have a sale of liquor, if the poverty and wretchedness and crime brought on by the use of intoxicating liquors are not our inevitable heritage, what can we do better than to set ourselves in unyielding opposition to the traffic which promotes it!

"Nor is the argument at all conclusive to my mind that we should retain upon our statute-books a law that is in advance of public opinion on this subject. Law is in one sense a guide-board pointing out the course of conduct which, if followed, will secure the greatest degree of good and happiness and safety for all. Therefore it must often be largely ideal in its character, and frequently in advance of the popular sentiment. It is a law that it may be instructor and elevator, as well as a source of restriction and punishment. To a law committing the commonwealth of Massachusetts to a public acknowledgment that the sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage is necessary and desirable, I cannot on my conscience give assent. It seems to me that the only safe and sound position for a Christian community to take in regard to this matter is that of absolute and unqualified opposition to the traffic.

"When I think of the victims to the use of intoxicating liquors in every village of the commonwealth; when I study the great field over which our Board of State Charities has supervision; when I consider our almshouses, and hospitals, and homes for the fallen and destitute; when I look into our jails, and workhouses, and houses of correction, and the State prison; and when I try to compute the losses and charges upon all our industries by reason of imperfect labor, and the taxes for the support of these institutions for reformation and punishment, my judgment unqualifiedly condemns, and my heart and my manhood rebel against any system that would permit the great source of all wrong and misery and crime to exist by authority of the commonwealth. My convictions against the policy of such a system are too solemn and resistless for me to hesitate in doing the duty laid upon me. I therefore return the bill entitled 'An Act regulating the Sale of Spirituous or Intoxicating Liquor to the House of Representatives, in which it originated, without executive sanction.'

Rev. Joseph S. Van Dyke says: "Legal Prohibition—the goal toward which we are pressing—is a just, reasonable, necessary, efficient, and Scriptural mode of dealing with the liquor traffic. Is it possible to assign any valid reason why there should be a law for the punishment of crime and no law for the repression of liquor selling? While I may imprison the person who stole a few potatoes from my cellar, or a chicken from my hen-house, does it not seem like a caricature of justice that the only thing I can do with the man who has made my son a drunkard, is to beseech him not to ruin my remaining children? Is there consistency in having laws against gambling, against duelling, against lotteries, against the sale of tainted meats and corrupted drugs, and instead of suppressing the liquor traffic, actually legalize it and permit the State to derive a revenue from its contact with death and its covener with hell?"

The following is from Wendell Phillips: "Prohibition only says: 'When you throw open your door, and invite the passer-by to drink, and when two hundred years of experience have proved that by so doing you double my taxes and make it dangerous for my child to tread those streets, I have a right to say whether you shall open that door or not. I don't care whether you are a Jew, a Gentile, a Dominican, an Augustine, and Carmelite, or a roasting beef—it doesn't matter; all I know is that, if you undertake to sell him something that doubles my taxes, and that makes my passage through the street more dangerous, you double this crime, and I have the right to interfere.' There is where I get my right; and if any grocer can stand here and show in the face of an intelligent people that he has the right, under any idea of democratic government, to flinch from my pocket and make my passage through the streets unsafe in order that he may coin other men's sins into his gold, let him try it."

ADVANTAGES OF POVERTY.—The advantages attached to poverty in most religions are sufficiently notorious. The four leading orders of Christians, Dominicans, Augustines and Carmelites, and all of them orders of beggars. And Benjamin calls the Gospel to witness the truth of his assertion that they are a happy people. Their pleasures are described at length by the picturesque writers of Spain, by the sage who calls their life a boneless morsel, a chain of delights; and by Browne, in his "Jovial Crew, or Beggars' Chorus," in which their happiness is preferred to that of kings. And if there be still any person with soul so dead as to be incapable of appreciating at a high value a condition of life which is sweetened by pleasure and made noble by art and religion; if there be any one who is perverse enough to consider such a state distinguished less by glory than disgrace, let him look to cure his folly, as the Israelites looked at the brazen serpent, on the names of those great beggars traced by Time's finger in golden letters on the wide walls of the world, on the names of philosopher, general and poet, on the names of Diogenes, Belesarius and Homer.

THE LUCKY HORSEHOE.

BY JAMES T. FIELDS.

A farmer travelling with his load Picked up a horsehoe in the road. And mused to think to his own soul, That luck might drop upon him, poor. That every blessing known in life Might crown his homestead and his wife, And never dry his growing farm.

But did his ill-fortune soon began To visit the second day. His horse declined to lay their eggs; His barnyard tumbled from the pigs, As he went about his daily work. His corn, that never failed before, Withered and rotted on the stalk; His grain refused to enter in his grove; His cattle died, or went astray; In short, all moved the crooked way.

Next spring a great drought baked the soil, And rained every drop it could. The beans drooped they could not grow So long a nature acted so. His corn and wheat refused to grow. His barnyard tumbled from the pigs. The straw from his field went off As if they had been blowing away. His cattle died, or went astray. His grain refused to enter in his grove. His cattle died, or went astray; In short, all moved the crooked way.

One morn, demoralized with grief, The farmer clanked for relief; And he went about his daily work. His corn, that never failed before, Withered and rotted on the stalk; His grain refused to enter in his grove; His cattle died, or went astray; In short, all moved the crooked way.

While thus demoralized, a matter arose And him much changed to trouble; For when he told, with worried brow, How his affairs were in a woe, His neighbor said, 'You're a fool, a picked-up horsehoe sometimes brings.

The stranger came to see the shoe, The farmer brought it into view. He said, 'You're a fool, a picked-up horsehoe sometimes brings. He laughed outright, and quickly said, 'You're a fool, a picked-up horsehoe sometimes brings. He said, 'You're a fool, a picked-up horsehoe sometimes brings. He said, 'You're a fool, a picked-up horsehoe sometimes brings.

The farmer turned the horsehoe round, And showed him how to swell the ground; His barnyard tumbled from the pigs, As he went about his daily work. His corn, that never failed before, Withered and rotted on the stalk; His grain refused to enter in his grove; His cattle died, or went astray; In short, all moved the crooked way.

Advised all men by their yields; And he went about his daily work. His corn, that never failed before, Withered and rotted on the stalk; His grain refused to enter in his grove; His cattle died, or went astray; In short, all moved the crooked way.

As in his smiling face were born; His barnyard tumbled from the pigs, As he went about his daily work. His corn, that never failed before, Withered and rotted on the stalk; His grain refused to enter in his grove; His cattle died, or went astray; In short, all moved the crooked way.

His neighbors marvelled more and more And now the merry farmer sings. He said, 'You're a fool, a picked-up horsehoe sometimes brings. He said, 'You're a fool, a picked-up horsehoe sometimes brings.

And when for good luck you may pray, Remember the horsehoe that you may.

PATTY BRIGHT.

BY MISS G. G. ATWOOD.

Patty Bright sat by the kitchen table, her elbows resting upon it and her chin on her hands. A huge white bowl of stoned raisins standing by her, she stared at what she saw. But it could be very plainly seen that Patty's thoughts were resting on something very different.

"The truth is, 'Hard Times' was staring Patty in the face, and, although he looked very ugly, Patty was staring back at him steadily and unflinchingly.

It was not at all necessary; for, as far as she was concerned, she had never known the meaning of poverty. Fortune had been very kind to Miss Patience Bright, Sr., Patty's only friend and protector. Her barns were overflowing with plenty; her cellars stored with fruit and vegetables, and, better still, her money was so carefully put away that, if all the bunks in the country were broken, and if all the railroads failed, it would make no possible difference to Miss Patience.

So, with a mind calm and serene, Patty, moved around her kitchen grinding her spices and mixing her nuicne meat. But with a mind anything but calm and serene, Patty, J., sat by the table thinking.

Miss Patience rattled the stove doors, poked down the ashes and banged the shovel and tongs. Still Patty never moved.

"Why don't you eggs, child," she said. Still Patty didn't hear. So Miss Patience went to the cellar, brought out a basket of the pure white, chocolate-colored and speckled eggs: broke the whites in a big blue platter and dropped the yolks in a bowl; then, sitting down by the table, began to pile them up in white masses by her steady strokes.

Every little while she looked up at Patty's dreamy face and misty eyes. "Come, child," she said, at last, "you have been there long enough. Beat up those yolks till they foam. There's enough to do."

Patty took up the bowl and wooden spoon; but she moved languidly as if her heart was somewhere else.

"Why don't you hurry?" Miss Patience said, sharply. "There's your Uncle Eben coming on the 5 o'clock train, and Aunt Maria in the morning, and all this cooking to be got out of the way."

"What's the good of it all, auntie?" Patty asked. "Don't they get enough to eat at home?"

Miss Patience reddened with indignation and dropped her fork in the midst of the eggs.

"The land sakes!" she exclaimed. "I guess there never was a Bright yet but had all he could eat, and more too!"

"What do they do with the 'more too'?" Give it away?" Patty asked.

Miss Patience looked at her suspiciously. "What are you thinking about, child?" she said. "Speak it out."

Early in the morning Patty had gone out on an errand, and while she gone, she had seen something which had stirred her childish soul as nothing had ever done before. She had seen a poor man, a man who had been trying to think of the best way to present a petition to Aunt Patty, and now the opportunity had come of its own will, her heart trembled and her spirit failed.

But Aunt Patty was waiting, with her fork in the air and her eyes on Patty.

So, with her cheeks burning and her voice tremulous from hope and fear, she said: "Aunt Patty, do you remember the 'Brewers'?"

"Shiftless set," she said, setting her lips very firmly and beating her eggs with a heavy wooden spoon. "They may be shiftless, aunt; but I know they're hungry," said Patty, waring.

ter, but I felt every minute as if I should cry, she looked so white and hungry. Then she asked me to go down the cellar and see if her kitten was there. It took me a good while to find the kitten; and Aunt Patty, there wasn't a thing in that cellar to eat but a few potatoes and beans and a little piece of pork—not one can of fruit or an apple. I couldn't say a word to Nannie when I came up, I had such a big lump in my throat. So I just put her kitten in her lap and ran. And I couldn't help thinking, Aunt Patty, that she might just as well send them enough to last 'em a week. And what's Thanksgiving good for, if you can't make other people have it, too?"

Patty stopped, trembling and excited with her long speech, and looked eagerly at Aunt Patty.

But, if she expected her to throw open cellar and pantry doors, and let her that all she had was also hers, and to take what she wanted for Nannie, she was greatly disappointed.

Aunt Patty did nothing of the kind. She only marched to the cellar with her platter of snowy foam, and marched back again with a pan of red apples, and set them down before Patty.

"Pare 'em and slice 'em," she said: Patty's heart sank way down, and a great tear dropped off from her eyelashes as she took up the knife and began to cut off the rose skins.

Miss Patience saw the tear, but she did not say anything, and, if she felt anything, she kept it to herself.

All day long she kept Patty flying. When there was no more eggs to be beaten or fruit to be picked over, there was silver to clean, mirrors to brighten, pillows to beat up and pitchers to fill up with fresh water.

But Patty had "boulded better than she knew," for, after the last little cousin had been tucked up in bed, and she herself had gone to sleep, tired out, but not too tired and sleepy to have an ache in her heart for Nannie. Aunt Patience sat up alone, grim and silent before the open fire.

Remember the Brewers? I should think she did remember the Brewers. Away back, before Patty's brown eyes or Nannie's blue ones had opened upon this world, when Aunt Patty's angles and wrinkles had been curves and dimples, and the gray of her hair had been golden, Miss Brewer's father had been Aunt Patience's lover.

Handsome and gentle, but always unstable, or, as Aunt Patty called it now, "Shiftless," he had strayed away from his allegiance at sight of the first pretty face that came in his way; and Aunt Patty shook him off with sharp and bitter words, and never looked upon his face again.

Not even when he lay dying and sent for her would she go near him.

So he said, as he had said so many times in his life, "It is just as well," and, with a gentle smile, turned his face to the wall and died.

Since then there had been hard struggles for Nannie and her mother. To be sure, they had been struggles before, but they were together. But Miss Patience had never so much as spoken to either of them.

But now Patty's simple story had stirred Miss Patience's wrinkled head strangely. Dick Brewer's child starving!

She sat before the fire till the log broke in two and the coals scattered over the bricks. Then she arose, put out her candle, and lay down by Patty's side.

Thanksgiving morning was clear and bright, and Patty waked to find the sun streaming through the frosty panes on her bed and the place by her side vacant.

"Oh, dear!" she said, springing out of bed and hurrying on her clothes. "I'm late again, and Aunt Patty will be so provoked."

But Aunt Patty seemed unusually gentle as she bade her good morning, and that and the sunshine made Patty feel very light-hearted, as she danced around setting the table.

When she went into the cellar to skin the team for breakfast, and saw the two great turkeys, with their wings folded on their breasts; and the tiny pig, with the ear of corn in his mouth, all ready for the oven; the hanging shelves loaded with flaky pies; and the huge stone crocks full of pound cake and fruit cake, she thought again of Nannie Brewer's empty shelves and barren cellar, and she drew a long sigh, as she came back where her Aunt Patty was.

She saw the change in Patty's face; but she didn't ask any questions or make any allusions to the conversation of the day before, until after the breakfast had been cleared away and Patty was putting on her cloak and hat to go church.

Then she put her hand on her shoulder and said: "Patty, what makes you look so unhappy?"

"I feel so sorry about Nannie," said Patty, choking a sob down in her throat.

"Well," said Aunt Patty, "you stop there on your way home from church and perhaps you'll feel better."

"Oh! Aunt Patty," she shouted, throwing her arms around her neck, "what have you been doing?"

"Here, go along, child. You've crushed my clean collar and knocked your hat sideways."

And Miss Patience gave her a gentle push toward the door.

Patty ran off, feeling exhilarated and expectant. She could hardly sit still through the sermon, although she tried very hard to be attentive; and even the beautiful anthems made very little impression on her. And, when the service was all over, and the uncles and aunts and cousins were exchanging greetings in the vestibule, she ran away from them all down the road to Nannie's.

When she knocked at the door and Nannie called "Come in," Patty knew by the change in her voice that something very pleasant had happened. Still she was not quite prepared for the revelations which were made when she opened the door.

There Nannie sat, dressed in a blue flannel wrapper, which Aunt Patience had intended to make over for Patty, Aunt Patience's own gray worsted shawl around her shoulders and a warm home-made rug at her feet.

There was a grand fire in the stove and a most delicious smell came from the oven and the hissing and bubbling stew pans.

Nannie was flying around with a clean white apron around her waist and a bright flush on her cheeks.

The table was set for dinner with some of Aunt Patience's crisp white celery in the centre and a saucer of Aunt Patience's green pickles on one corner, and a tumbler of Aunt Patience's crab-apple jelly on another.

hand and was thanking her and laughing and crying all at once.

To REMOVE THE SMELL OF NEW PAINT.—Hay sprinkled with a little chloride of lime, and left for an hour in a closed room, will remove the smell of new paint.

To CLEAN GLOVES.—Put the gloves on the hand and rub with a flannel dipped in benzine.

To BREAK UP A BAD COLD.—Take five grains of quinine on going to bed, and five grains of same in the morning.

To CLEAN MARBLE.—Spanish whiting, made into a paste by moistening with water, in which a piece of washing soda is dissolved, spread on a piece of flannel and well rubbed upon the marble, the process being repeated two or three times, is very good as a cleanser. It should be washed off with soap and water, and the marble afterward polished with a soft duster.

FOR THE TOILET.—If of white wax, oil of almonds, spermaceti and white soap each one-fourth ounce, one pint of rose water or elder-flower water, best cologne, three ounces. Cut the wax, sperm and soap very fine, put in an earthen vessel with a gill of rose water, set into a dish of boiling water and let stand until dissolved. Then add first the oil of almonds, then the rose water and cologne.

REMOVAL OF STAINS OF COFFEE CONTAINING CREAM.—It is said that stains produced by coffee with cream on woolen or silk goods may be removed without injuring the most delicate colors by simply brushing them with unperfumed glycerine and then washing them out with lukewarm water and ironing the fabric on the wrong side until it is dry. The glycerine absorbs the coloring matter of the coffee as well as the fatty matter of the milk.

ACCIDENTS.—Professor Wilder, of Cornell University, gives these short rules for action in case of accident. It would not be a bad thing to cut them out and carry them in one's pocket book or commit them to memory:

For dust in your eye, avoid rubbing, dash cold water in them, remove cinders, etc., with the round point of a lead pencil.

Remove insects from the ear by tepid water. Never put a hard instrument into the ear.

If an artery is cut, compress it above the wound. If a vein is cut, compress it below.

If choked, go upon all fours and cough. For slight burns, dip the part in cold water, if the skin is destroyed, cover with vasoline.

For apoplexy, raise the head and body, for fainting, lay the body flat.

THE COOK'S ORNER.

A ROAST OF beef is much nicer if, when you put it into the pan to bake, you set it on the hot stove; let it brown on one side, and turn and brown the other, then add the hot water and seasoning, and bake in a hot oven and the juice is retained in the meat.

EGGS-AU-PLAT.—Each egg requires two tablespoonfuls of bread crumbs, an ounce of butter, and a little pepper and salt. Place a layer of bread crumbs on a flat dish, add a little salt and pepper and half of the butter in small pieces, drop into this the eggs, over this sprinkle the remainder of the bread crumbs, a little more pepper and salt, and the rest of the butter. Put them into a quick oven for a moment, until the eggs set, and then serve.

MOLASSES TAFFY.—Two cupsful of molasses, one cupful of sugar, butter the size of a guinea-hen's egg. Boil hard for twenty minutes. Add half a teaspoonful of soda. Try if it is brittle, if not, boil a few minutes longer. Pour out into two buttered dishes. Nuts may be added, if you like, just before the soda.

LIGHT RYE TEA (AKES).—One pint of milk, two eggs, a tablespoonful of brown sugar, and a large pinch of salt. Add enough flour to make a commensurate cake batter. Bake in a half an hour in a gem pan, or serve hot or cold as desired. Always get your material for breakfast over night; fix the fire ready to light, fill the tea-kettle, grind the coffee, and prepare the potatoes, and thus you can sleep a half an hour longer in the morning.

LECHE CREAM—VERY FINE.—Beat lightly three eggs, leaving out the whites of two, add carefully one pint and a half of milk, then mix carefully four tablespoonfuls of flour, four tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, the grated part of one lemon, cook until the flour is done, stirring all the time to keep it from lumping. Put a dozen macaroon on the bottom of a dish, and when the cream is done pour it through a sieve on to the cake. Serve cold.

RAILWAY PUDDING.—Railway pudding is a dessert that can be served hot or cold. Use one ounce of butter, one teaspoonful of sugar, same quantity of flour, one tablespoonful of flavoring extract, three eggs, one-half tablespoonful of milk and a dessert spoonful of baking powder. Mix the flour and sugar well together in a bowl, and then add the baking powder. Break the three eggs in a separate basin, and stir lightly with a spoon. Add to the eggs the flavoring extract and milk, and then mix with the flour and sugar as quickly as possible. Having thus worked it into a thick paste, turn into a pan which has been well greased with the ounce of butter, and bake in a quick oven for ten minutes. When baked, cut into square pieces, which should be split open and spread with preserves. This pudding can be served cold for tea.

THE NEW DEAL of the World's Dispensary Medical Association of Buffalo, of which Dr. R. V. Pierce is president, consisting of a figure of Aesculapius, the Father of Medicine, surrounding the globe, fifty symbols of the world-wide revolution named by the Family Medicines of Dr. Pierce now manufactured by this incorporated company and sold in all parts of the world. With a mammoth establishment, the World's Dispensary and Laval Hotel in Buffalo, and a correspondingly large branch establishment in London, this Association makes medicine for the whole world—not only that but they personally examine and treat with special medicines thousands of cases. Among the most celebrated of the proprietary or family medicines are Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery—the great blood purifier, and Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pills (little pills)—and Dr. Pierce's Compound Extract of Smart-Weed—for bowels affections, colds, and painful attacks, as colic, neuralgia, and rheumatism—Favorite Prescription furnishes relief from female weaknesses, and kindred affections. All sold by druggists.

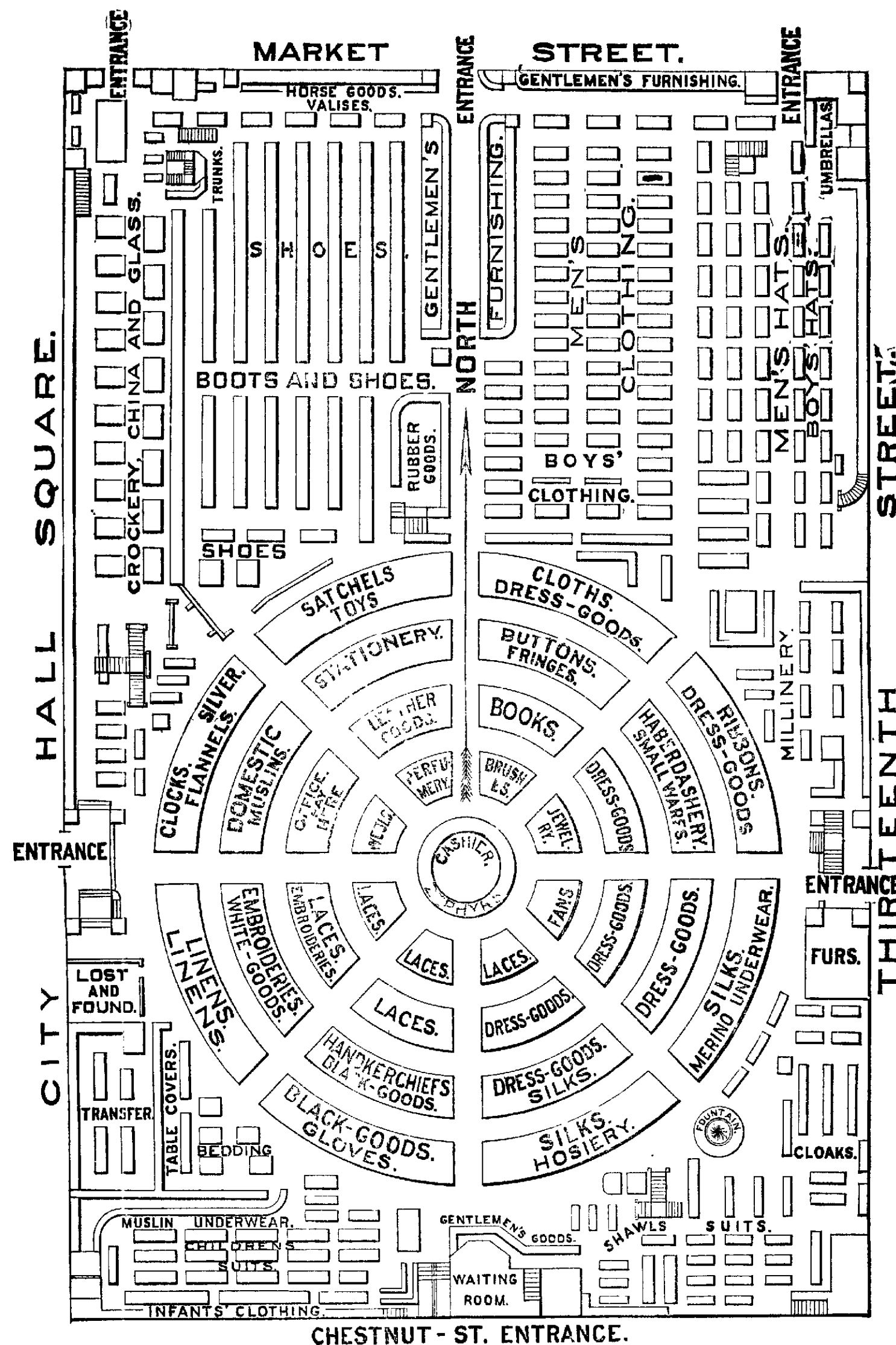
Everybody says so. Merz, corner Bond and Washington streets has the largest bread in Bristol.

Just opened, Merz's Ice Cream Saloon. Finest quality of cream; purest fruit flavors, and good measure.

For fine confectionery and fruits, send your orders to Merz.

W. J. Grace, 112 Cedar street, above, Episcopal Church, Bristol Pa. dealer in Wall Paper and Window Shades has the largest and best assortment in Bristol, wholesale and retail. Call and examine styles before purchasing elsewhere.

GROUND PLAN OF JOHN WANAMAKER'S STORE.



THE STORE AND THE TRADE.

A study of this ground plan, incomplete as it is, will give you a better idea of the store, and of what is in it, than description can do. The store covers 2 1/4 acres; a basement is under, and galleries are over, a part. The whole affords somewhere about 5 acres of room.

This particular business is 4 years old; it began in 1876 with clothing; in 1877 it became a general store with such goods as you see in the plan, with carpets, upholstery, furniture, and kitchen-furnishing up-stairs. Since that time gallery after gallery has been added; and there is not an inch of room to spare anywhere. To the surprise of many, it has flourished while trade was languishing almost everywhere else.

To us there is no mystery about it; nothing surprising even; unless it be surprising that so conspicuous a business should ever be misunderstood. We do nothing more than simply to provide facilities for your getting what you want.

We don't mean to say that other facilities are not provided for distributing goods; but that's a different thing. We provide so that you get what you want, exactly what you want! In the first place we've got it. In the second place we send it. And if we send you the wrong thing, or if you think the charge is too much, you bundle it back

to us.

We tell of these things in the newspapers, because there are thousands of you who don't know what we are doing; thousands of you don't know the character of the stock that fills these 5 acres; thousands of you who, therefore, buy where you pay more money.

We are every merchant's fair and open competitor. We do not expect to gather millions of trade from all over the country without meeting opposition and misrepresentation. Some will believe whatever is said against us. The only answer we make is: Send back whatever you don't want at the price.

We want your trade. You want our goods; or would want them, if you knew. No matter how far away you may be; you will do well to send to us for some things. We ask you to write to us about something you have present occasion for.

When we get in communication with you, we shall have one means of winning your trade, viz., by pleasing you. When we have won it, we shall have one means of keeping it, viz., by dealing with you as we deal with everybody: giving you large return for your money, and supplying your wants so intelligently that you will write us for what you want as naturally as you say "good morning" to your next-door neighbor.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

Chestnut, Thirteenth, and Market streets, and City Hall square, PHILADELPHIA.

BRISTOL MILLS.

Flour, Feed, Lumber, Coal.

ROGERS BROTHERS,

Successors to J. & A. DORRANCE & Co.

Flour.

Fresh ground from the best of Wheat and promptly delivered to customers.

Feed.

of all kinds constantly on hand and ground to order.

Lumber.

Seasoned White Pine Boards and Plank of all grades. Hemlock Boards, Joist and Scantling, Lath, Pickets, Oak Posts, &c.

Sawed Hemlock Fencing of the best quality. Bills for large, long or odd sized timber cut at our

Saw Mill

at the shortest notice from selected logs and at the lowest prices.

Planing Mill.

Yellow and White Pine Flooring, Siding &c. of the different grades, constantly on hand and made to order, which our facilities enable us to sell at very reasonable prices.

Shingles.

In all the varieties as to size, quality and prices so that our customers cannot fail to be suited.

Coal.

Of the different sizes kept dry under our sheds, well screened and free from slate and dust.

Wood.

Ready saved for Summer use and very cheap. Cedar Rails lower than usual. GRAIN BOUGHT at the Bristol Mills, and the highest market price paid.

ROGERS BROTHERS.

NOTICE.

Persons having business to transact with

FRANK P. ADAMS,

GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT,

will please call at the Office of B. F. GILKESON, Esq., between the hours of 9 A. M. and 5 P. M. At other times, at his own office, opposite the City Hotel.

MEAT! MEAT!

MILTON WEBSTER,

AT THE

Corner Mill and Cedar Streets, BRISTOL, PA.

KEEPS HANDY on hand a large supply of

Smoked Ham, Smoked Sausage, Smoked Shoulders, Smoked Corned Beef, &c.

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the largest and best American publication, of the highest class, with articles from the most celebrated writers in every country. Edited by J. F. Stone, Jr., and Henry Cabot Lodge, gentlemen of the highest attainments and culture, and whose names are a sure sufficient guarantee of the value of the Review.

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POROUS PLASTER

Are always fresh; always adhere

well; efficacious; not excelled by

any other; uniform, and more sold

in this vicinity than all the others.

R. TRUDGEN & SON, No. 2 Street

BRISTOL, PA.

NEW AND SECOND-HAND FURNITURE.

Wall Paper, Window Shades, &c.

Would inform their friends and patrons that they are now prepared for the Fall

Trade with a large stock of cheap, Plain and Decorative Paper Hanging a specialty.

All the latest designs of Wall Papers and Window Shades for below city prices. Repainting of all kinds repaired and varnished.

Chairs Re-Caned. Window Shades cleaned and hung. Carpets of all kinds laid down with pattern scatterer. Haul Hauling to all the branches.

Hair and Husk Mattresses made to order and renovated. Bedding of all kinds promptly attended to. Estimates given for work as low as the lowest and satisfaction guaranteed.

Thankful for past favors, we would ask a continuance of the same.

R. TRUDGEN & SON.

SPECIAL

INVITATION.

The Ladies of Bristol

AND VICINITY

Are invited to call and examine the Improved

made in

Lardner's Photograph Gallery,

COR. MILL AND POND STS.,

BRISTOL, PA.

We have every facility for producing excellent portraits from life or copy. Prompt service. Satisfaction guaranteed.

N. B.—Bring the Public.

J. F. LARDNER, Artist.

NOTICE!

Independent Mutual Fire Insurance Co.

This members of the above company are hereby

notified that they are requested to pay to WILLIAM

LANE, Treasurer, within sixty days from the date of the meeting, the sum of \$100.00, to be paid by them respectively, to meet the liabilities of the Company. The sum of \$100.00, remaining unpaid after Wednesday, Nov. 10th, ten per cent. will be added, and policy suspended until payment is made.

The Treasurer will attend at the following times and places:

Monday, Oct. 10, at the Hotel, Bristol 910 12

Tuesday, Oct. 11, at the Hotel, Bristol 910 12

Wednesday, Oct. 12, at the Hotel, Bristol 910 12

Thursday, Oct. 13, at the Hotel, Bristol 910 12

Friday, Oct. 14, at the Hotel, Bristol 910 12

Saturday, Oct. 15, at the Hotel, Bristol 910 12

Sunday, Oct. 16, at the Hotel, Bristol 910 12

Monday, Oct. 17, at the Hotel, Bristol 910 12

Tuesday, Oct. 18, at the Hotel, Bristol 910 12

Wednesday, Oct. 19, at the Hotel, Bristol 910 12

Thursday, Oct. 20, at the Hotel, Bristol 910 12

Friday, Oct. 21, at the Hotel, Bristol 910 12

Saturday, Oct. 22, at the Hotel, Bristol 910 12

Sunday, Oct. 23, at the Hotel, Bristol 910 12

Monday, Oct. 24, at the Hotel, Bristol 910 12

Tuesday, Oct. 25, at the Hotel, Bristol 910 12

Wednesday, Oct. 26, at the Hotel, Bristol 910 12

Thursday, Oct. 27, at the Hotel, Bristol 910 12

Friday, Oct. 28, at the Hotel, Bristol 910 12

Saturday, Oct. 29, at the Hotel, Bristol 910 12

Sunday, Oct. 30, at the Hotel, Bristol 910 12

Monday, Oct. 31, at the Hotel, Bristol 910 12

Tuesday, Nov. 1, at the Hotel, Bristol 910 12

Wednesday, Nov. 2, at the Hotel, Bristol 910 12

Thursday, Nov. 3, at the Hotel, Bristol 910 12

Friday, Nov. 4, at the Hotel, Bristol 910 12

Saturday, Nov. 5, at the Hotel, Bristol 910 12

Sunday, Nov. 6, at the Hotel, Bristol 910 12

Monday, Nov. 7, at the Hotel, Bristol 910 12

Tuesday, Nov. 8, at the Hotel, Bristol 910 12

Wednesday, Nov. 9, at the Hotel, Bristol 910 12

Thursday, Nov. 10, at the Hotel, Bristol 910 12

Friday, Nov. 11, at the Hotel, Bristol 910 12

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Sunday, Nov. 13, at the Hotel, Bristol 910 12

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Tuesday, Nov. 15, at the Hotel, Bristol 910 12

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Thursday, Nov. 17, at the Hotel, Bristol 910 12

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Friday, Dec. 30, at the Hotel, Bristol 910 12

Saturday, Dec. 31, at the Hotel, Bristol 910 12

Sunday, Jan. 1, at the Hotel, Bristol 910 12

Monday, Jan. 2, at the Hotel, Bristol 910 12

Tuesday, Jan. 3, at the Hotel, Bristol 910 12